

CHAPTER 6

The Battle of the Smithsonian

CRASH! The plane came through the Castle window and hit the floor hard. Larry fell out but the plane continued along the floor. Then it hit some exhibits and stopped. There were pieces of broken glass everywhere. Was Amelia hurt? Larry ran to find her but then he stopped. Kahmunrah was in front of him.

'Nice entrance, Mr Daley. I hope you know the number!' said the pharaoh. He was holding the hourglass high in the air. The sand was nearly up to Jedediah's head.

'First give me Jed!' said Larry.



'No, I want the number first!'

'No problem,' said a voice. Larry turned and saw Al Capone. 'I've got it. It's 3.14159265.' He looked at Larry. 'The clever guys talked!'

Kahmunrah was very happy. He could almost touch his dream. He threw the hourglass in the air and started pushing the signs on the tablet excitedly.

Larry caught the glass and quickly turned it over again. His friend was safe – for now.

'Sorry, Jed,' said Larry.

'Hey, you tried. OK?'

'No, I'm sorry I haven't been at the museum for the last two years. It's all my fault.'

'Look, big man. We've had problems before, and we've been OK. I didn't call because we needed you. I called because you needed us. This new life you've got – it isn't right for you!'

'It's true,' thought Larry. 'Here I feel really alive.'

Kahmunrah's eyes were dancing. A soft, yellow light was coming from the tablet. The signs on the tablet started turning. They went faster and faster. The museum floor was moving under Larry's feet! He couldn't look at the tablet because it was shining so brightly. Slowly the door opened and black smoke came from the darkness beyond. Larry heard horrible cries in the darkness. It was the sound of a place with no hope.

Then something came through the door. It had a man's body and a bird's head. Its eyes were dead and cold. Another followed. And another ...

Kahmunrah's voice was loud and strong. 'Welcome, Horus! Kill that man!' He pointed to Larry. The Horus lifted their spears.

'This is the end,' Larry thought.



But at that moment, they heard a small voice. 'Stop!' shouted Octavius as he rode into the room on the squirrel's back.

Kahmunrah laughed loudly. 'Are you going to save him?'

'Oh no!' smiled Octavius. 'He is!' Suddenly a very large hand crashed through the window and a big leg followed. Abraham Lincoln climbed heavily into the room.

'What is that thing?' asked Kahmunrah.

'I am not a thing,' said Lincoln. 'And why are you wearing a dress?'

'It's not a dress!' shouted Kahmunrah. He looked at the Horus. 'What are you waiting for? Kill it!' he shouted.

The Horus threw their spears, but Lincoln just pushed them away. The Horus were scared. They ran back into the underworld and shut the door. BOOM!

'Capone! You kill him!' The pharaoh was very angry.

'No, you don't!' came another voice. Everyone turned round. General Custer was there on his horse and behind him was a very strange group. There was Amelia, the airmen, the little cowboys, the little Roman soldiers and all the other exhibits from New York. Then there was The Thinker and his statue friends, and at the back there was the big squid! All of them were ready for a big battle. No one wanted Kahmunrah as their leader.

'Don't fire!' shouted Custer, and the fighting started.



It was the strangest battle ever. Statues were fighting Russian soldiers and the little cowboys were fighting the French. The squid was catching people with his long arms and throwing them into the air.

'My work here is finished,' said Abraham Lincoln and he started to climb back through the window.

'Thank you, Mr President,' said Larry.

'Remember,' said Lincoln. 'Men must stand together or they will fall.'

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Octavius broke open the hourglass and rescued Jed.

'I thought that was the end!' said Jed.

'It's not your time yet, friend,' smiled Octavius. 'Now let's fight!'

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Who was winning? Larry knew it was hard for his men. Kahmunrah had three leaders but they only had ... Larry looked round. Where was Custer? Then he found him. The general was hiding behind a box.

'What are you doing here?' shouted Larry. 'We need you out there. On the battlefield!'

'I always lose,' Custer said unhappily. 'In my last battle many of my soldiers died.'

'Hey!' Larry pulled the general to his feet. 'That was in the past. We will remember you for today, for this battle. You can win, General. We need a leader and that's you!'

Custer stood up tall. 'Perhaps you're right, my boy!' He got back on his horse.

'We can win!' he shouted to his men. 'Follow me!'

The air was thick with the smoke of battle. All around Larry, the exhibits were fighting for their lives. Spears flew

and the sounds of guns and shouting filled the museum.

'What now?' thought Larry. He remembered Lincoln's words and had an idea. He ran to the door and took the tablet. Amelia was close by. 'Stay here!' he shouted. Then he ran up to the three leaders. Al Capone lifted his gun.

'Who wants this?' shouted Larry and he showed them the tablet.

'I do,' said Ivan slowly. 'I like being alive again!'

'And me,' said Napoleon.

'Me too,' said Al Capone.

'OK,' smiled Larry. 'I'll give it to the boss.'

'That's me!' All three leaders spoke at the same time.

'I am the leader of all Russia,' said Ivan angrily.

'I've won more battles,' Napoleon shouted.

'But I've done more bad things.' Al Capone jumped up and down.



Then the three leaders started to fight. Larry laughed. It was a good plan. But just then, something touched his back. It was Kahmunrah's spear.

'Very clever,' said the pharaoh.

'Thanks!' said Larry. 'But it was President Lincoln's idea.'

He turned quickly and took out his heavy torch. Kahmunrah lifted his spear. Larry hit it with his torch. The two men fought hard, but slowly Larry pushed Kahmunrah back towards the door. He threw the tablet to Amelia. 'Open the door!' he shouted.

Quickly she pushed the signs. The door opened. Kahmunrah was on the edge of the two worlds. He looked into Larry's eyes.

'What are you?' he asked.

Larry laughed as he pushed Kahmunrah into the darkness. 'I'm the night guard!' he said.

Larry looked around him. Kahmunrah's men were falling. The good guys were winning now. General Custer rode over.

'The Battle of the Smithsonian,' he said. 'The greatest battle the world has never known!'